NATIONAL REVIEW

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April 6, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Roots of Libertarian Conservatism

FRANK S. MEYER

The New Journalism: 'National Review'

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Coming Revolt in Russia

EUGENE LYONS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . MAX EASTMAN

ANTHONY LEJEUNE·ROBERT PHELPS·JAMES BURNHAM

SAM M. JONES·WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM·F. R. BUCKLEY

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For the Record

The Supreme Court has refused to review a year-old ruling by Pennsylvania's Labor Department that Westinghouse's unwillingness to accept government mediation amounted to a lockout and, therefore, entitled certain Westinghouse workers to as much as thirty weeks of unemployment benefits.... Labor Secretary Mitchell favors legislation requiring full financial disclosure of union welfare and pension funds as a deterrent to racketeering.... Violations of the minimum wage law have doubled since minimum wages were increased from 75 cents to one dollar an hour. Even before the increase, half the firms checked were found to be violating the law.

The number of civilian employees in the Executive Branch of the government rose by nearly 50,000 in 1956.... Under the various welfare programs already on the books 37 million people (21.8 per cent of the total population) receive monthly checks from the government.... for those who say the Budget must be cut, but ask where the cuts must be applied, the Hoover Commission has an answer. In its analysis of the '58 Budget it points out twenty-five places where appropriations can be slashed for a saving of over one billion dollars.

Max F. Milliken, director of the Center for International Studies at MIT (in part CIA-financed) favors a one to one-and-a half billion dollar a year program for aid to underdeveloped countries on a long-range basis. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee, Milliken said the aid should be given whether or not the individual country was neutral in the cold war.... A showdown and an explosion are imminent on farm policy. The contestants: Ezra Benson versus the White House Palace Guard. Secretary Benson will get the President's complete cooperation or quit.

Seymour Peck, a desk man on the Sunday magazine of the New York Times, was found guilty on five counts of contempt of Congress by a federal district court jury last week. Peck has refused to identify persons he knew as Communists.... The Houston, Texas School Board has rejected an economic textbook and two geography textbooks for use in Houston high schools, on the grounds that they advocate an extension of federal power and one-worldism.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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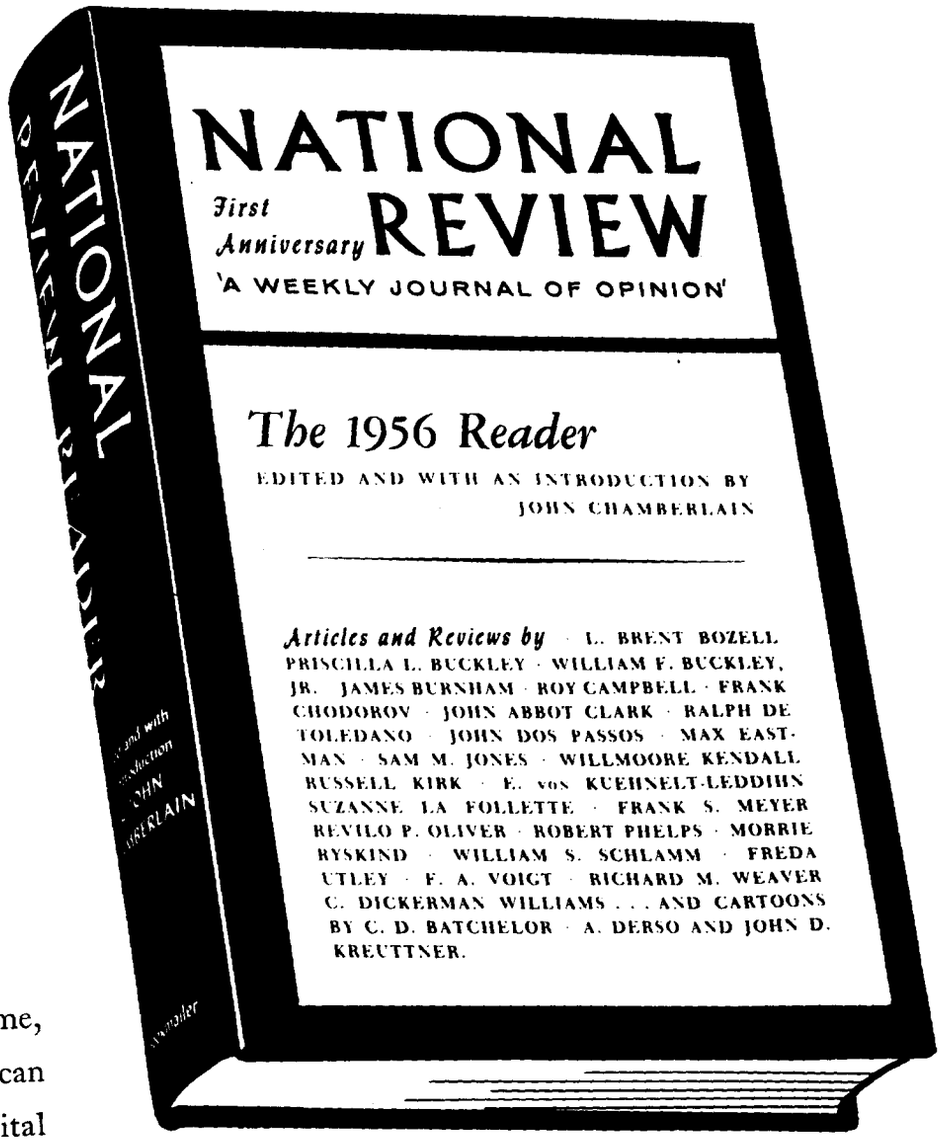
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The WEEK

● The *Chicago Daily News* discloses that one of the items in the projected $72 billion Eisenhower budget is $4,710 to cover "traveling in and around Washington to find a spot for a memorial to Franklin D. Roosevelt." This is redundance. Clearly the budget itself is enough of a memorial to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

● Dear American Civil Liberties Union: Everyone—editorial writers, radio commentators, ministers of the gospel, even union leaders—has publicly concluded that Dave Beck is guilty of maladministering union funds merely because he has invoked the Fifth Amendment before a Senate Committee. You, and Dean Griswold, know that the invocation of the Fifth Amendment is a sacred American right, the exercise of which is a patriotic affirmation of our devotion to the Bill of Rights. Several years ago, when we were in the grip of another reign of terror, you incessantly drew attention to the irrelevance of the use of the Fifth Amendment to the question of guilt in the eyes of the community. At that time you had on your side the overwhelming majority of the press. Not so today. Everyone thinks Beck is guilty, except, maybe, you and the Fund for the Republic and, of course, us. We are entered into a veritable seizure of McCarthyism. Help.

● Treaties signed in Rome providing for a common West European market and nuclear pool are designed to take effect over a period of twelve to fifteen years. So there isn't much point in saying that Europe has "solved" its economic problems. There are stop-loss clauses all along the line. For example, agriculture in France will continue to get price protection. The problems of half a dozen separate national currencies remain. Capital movements from "soft" currency countries to "hard" currency areas will still be subject to regulation. Tariffs won't fall overnight. And the whole question of British Commonwealth participation has still to be hammered out. In spite of the many hurdles still to be taken, however, parliamentary ratification of the treaties by the West European nations, if it occurs without hitch, can be regarded as a harbinger of good things to come. Western Europe is at last moving toward a sound disposition of its economic affairs.

● The star of V. K. Krishna Menon, Nehru's spokesman in the United Nations, is very much on the rise. He has just won a seat in the lower house of the Indian parliament, which gives him a strong political base at home. Motion pictures of his performances before the UN Security Council have been shown all over India to applauding throngs. President Nasser of Egypt trusts Krishna Menon and recently spent two days in conference with him, presumably discussing a plan for breaking the deadlock over Suez Canal tolls. In short, Asia's No. 1 fellow traveler is being groomed to succeed Mr. Nehru.

● In the drawn-out elections that are just being concluded in India, the Communists have for the first time won control of one of India's constituent states. With the help of five "independents" (read, fellow travelers) the Communists will have a majority in the legislature of Kerala, a state with 13,500,000 population formed only last year after Communist-led riots—anticipating the current electoral success—had led to its split-off from Madras. The Communists will now be in a position to build a "Yenan-type" local government, on Chinese precedents, as an interior base for their Indian operations. There is an added strategic significance in the location of Kerala: on India's southwestern tip, just opposite Ceylon, where the Sinhalese Communists have Prime Minister Bandaranaike in the grip of a united front.

● In a lead review in the *New York Times* for Sunday, March 24, of Walter Lord's *Day of Infamy*, James Michener remarks that the debate over what happened at Pearl Harbor and in Washington on December 7, 1941, "has not yet started on a scholarly level." In heaven's name, where has Mr. Michener been? The issue was joined long ago by men of academic distinction such as Charles Tansill and Charles A. Beard, as well as by excellent pamphleteers such as John T. Flynn. Moreover, there is a remarkable book by Admiral Husband Kimmel, which, though it may be partisan in the author's behalf, contains a wealth of documented evidence. However, if Mr. Michener means that the debate hasn't yet received the official cognizance of the *New York Times*, he may be on firm ground.

● Walter Lowenfels, an old-time American Communist who writes a column in the *Sunday Worker*, has set what we would judge to be a new record for political prudence. On March 17 he began: "A reader asks what position I have taken in the controversy that is shaking the Communist movement in the U.S.A., and throughout the world? My position is clear: I am for more poetry, more dancing, more singing."

● Mr. Jerry Coons, a student at Harvard University, reports that on the question "The U.S. and the UN" (Clarence Manion representing the former, Norman

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Thomas the latter), the audience was "amazingly split." "For a refreshing change," Mr. Coons reports, "the audience included a substantial minority of people who don't conform to the canons of Liberal orthodoxy. . . . Strangely, the truly radical and nonconformist ideas were those expressed by Dean Manion"—who volunteered the prediction that, on the question of world government, the people, if ever it were put to them, would vote No by 100-1. Mr. Thomas changed the subject.

● A French judge was just about to pronounce sentence on Felix Berbaut, a farmer who refuses to pay his taxes, when he was told that Berbaut has also refused to accept the substantial monthly check he receives from the government for the support of his four children. The man must be mad, the judge reasoned; and sent Berbaut to the nearest hospital for a psychiatric examination. The doctors—though understandably confused by his gibberish about how it was his job and not the government's to support his children—found him sane. Back went Berbaut to the court, but the judge still refused to sentence him and, instead, had him committed to a local asylum for a more extensive mental examination. If the local asylum turns him down perhaps Yale, Harvard or Princeton would let M. Berbaut sit in residence for a few months. They will do a good lobotomy, and turn him out a child of the century.

● Us—or we—libertarians have gone and got our tails caught in a crack. Here we have been telling the government to let people alone. But now the announcement comes that Washington plans to prohibit billboard advertising along federally supported highways. We hate to see barns decorated—if that is the word—with ads for castor oil or Joe's Cut-plug Chew. We also hate to see Washington tell Farmer Brown he can't rent his barn side to anybody he pleases. The conflict between our political principles and our esthetic sensibilities has us all bollixed up. After due prayer, we'll report next week.

The Bermuda Direction

Meetings such as the Bermuda Conference do not decide anything very specific: Any agreements that they come to have been worked out beforehand, and will lead to practical consequences—if at all—only later on. But the general tone of a meeting, and of the communiqués issued in connection with it, can indicate a direction.

So interpreted, the purpose in this latest case seems to have been to stress President Eisenhower's pullback from the seeming implications of the position he took over the Suez affair. Meeting in a very personal way with the head of the British—and no other—Government, the President reaffirmed "the solidarity of the West" in general, and more particularly of the Anglo-American alliance as the primary relation (outside of this hemisphere) in American foreign policy. By announcing U.S. membership in the military committee of the Baghdad Pact, he drew away from Nasser and moved toward the British concept of balancing rather than integrating the forces in the Middle East. By formally joining only the *military* committee of the Pact, and by declaring publicly that the U.S. will supply Britain with intermediate range ballistic missiles—capable of reaching the major Soviet concentrations—the President continues his recent effort to counter the impression of a commitment to abstract pacifism, which had been given by American conduct in foreign affairs from the Geneva Conference to the twin Suez-Hungarian crises.

Thus the targets of the Bermuda Conference were Moscow and Cairo—a fact confirmed by the immediate and bitter denunciation shouted back by their spokesmen. But it is far from clear whether the Bermuda operation was the beginning of a serious political turn or only a passing psychological bluff. This will be determined by acts, not by communiqués.

The Senate's Chance

We are among those who believe that during this century the Executive has, through manipulations of the treaty procedure, usurped powers beyond those granted to the federal government by our Constitution. That is why we have persistently supported the attempts, led by Senator John W. Bricker, to secure an explicit amendment that would confine the treaty process within due limits.

But we cannot agree to place sole "blame" for this abuse on power-hungry Presidents. Congressional abdication has shared with Executive usurpation the responsibility for the extra-constitutional growth of the treaty power. We cannot forget—to take two decisive examples—that both the UN Charter and the Status of Forces Treaty were overwhelmingly approved by the Senate.

Now the Senate has a new chance to prove how firm a guardian it is of our constitutional liberties: the President has just submitted for ratification the charter of the proposed International Atomic Energy Agency.

In our issue of January 12 we published an analysis of this charter by Mr. David Shea Teeple, former Deputy Director of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Mr. Teeple demonstrated, conclusively we believe, that our joining the IAEC

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would threaten our security, our national interests, our established policies and our normal constitutional procedures.

If the charter is ratified, the President will make available to the IAEC up to 20,000 kilograms ($500 million worth) of "fissionable material" (U-235), as well as information, technical assistance, nuclear apparatus, scientific personnel and money. Under the charter these become subject to a Board of Governors and a General Conference in which the U.S. is in a minority position, with no veto. Both the Board and the Conference include our enemy, the Soviet Union (which has already—most gleefully—ratified the IAEC charter) and its satellites. In fact there is no barrier to Red China's early membership.

Thus, the materials, information and manpower that we supply will be out of our control. They will be strengthening our competitors and our acknowledged enemies. Moreover, since there is no method for permanently "denaturing" either the knowledge or the U-235 that we shall turn over to the Agency and, through the Agency, to the member nations, there is no adequate guarantee that they will not be diverted to the making of nuclear weapons for use *against us*

It is, of course, to our interest to cooperate with allies and friendly nations—subject to security safeguards—in the peaceful application of nuclear energy. But such cooperation can be effectively carried out by direct negotiation with each country concerned, or within the framework of existing multilateral treaties. To accomplish the Administration's avowed purposes there is no need whatever for an IAEC. In fact, the real reason for creating it can only be to circumvent the controls and assurances that surround normal bilateral agreement under present statutes.

We therefore pray that the Senate refuse to be rushed by the White House. Let there be the most searching inquiry into the origin, motives and probable consequences of the IAEC proposal. As the result of such an inquiry, we are confident the Senate would refuse to ratify.

Watching What?

Mr. Walter Reuther chooses this moment to suggest the desirability of a citizens' watchdog committee to ensure the financial probity of the UAW. Such a committee would inspect the union's records and make periodic reports to the membership. "The UAW," says Mr. Reuther, "is both democratic and clean"; by which Mr. Reuther means that he remains president of the union by consent of the governed, and that neither he nor his janissaries get money interest-free, nor mink coat or deep freeze; their duty, including that of knocking together the heads of refractory workingmen, wherever they are, is done for modest fees, of a kind no bank examiner would question.

We must return to the point we made last week: that which is most dangerous in labor unions, 1957-style, is not graft or corruption. It is the power they exercise. Senator Knowland is wise in suggesting that the labor unions clean their own house; and to the extent that Mr. Reuther means it, we commend him for taking the initiative (though we regret he did so only after unions came under fire) in suggesting procedures for doing so.

But what is the situation we should in fact set out to remedy? Interest-free loans to union presidents? Soft living on pension funds? All this is important, to be sure; but there are other things, things most people are reluctant to talk about; things that involve, not the misappropriation of funds, but the freedom and prosperity of the American people:

Unions are grown too large, too powerful. Their effect upon the freedom of the individual worker is repressive. Their effect upon the economy is inflationary and, to the extent that they get along by making deals with the big employers, neo-syndicalist and anti-consumer. That is the predicament to which the Senate Committee, and the nation's critical observers, should address themselves. Toward a solution of that problem, we warrant, Mr. Reuther has no cooperative suggestions to make.

Logical Steps Forward

Federal District Judge Walter E. Hoffman, in Norfolk, Virginia, has unwittingly done the nation a kindness by bringing to the surface some consequences of the Supreme Court's desegregation campaign. What Judge Hoffman's recent rulings show is that the Supreme Court's decision on segregated schools was not a self-confined error. From time to time every court, even the wisest, will hand down an individually faulty decision. But by its action in *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* the Court has opened a spreading breach in our entire constitutional system.

That system is based upon the conviction that liberty can be preserved only through a diffusion of power: between the federal government and the states; among the different branches of the federal government; between government as a whole, and the people in their private capacities. But everyone—even the Liberals—knows that in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* the judiciary usurped the legislative power. At the same time the Court usurped the powers of the states and the people in the field of education. If the original decision stands as actual

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government policy, then the initial usurpations must inevitably be extended.

And this is exactly what has been happening. In January, Judge Hoffman denounced Virginia's legislative effort to regulate its own schools as "unconstitutional on its face." In February he told local school boards (in Norfolk and Newport News) to proceed with integration in defiance of the laws of their state. And the judge laid down a detailed procedure: In Newport News, integration should start with the first and eighth grades; in Norfolk, with the first, seventh and tenth.

In other words, the federal courts extend their usurpation. They are taking over Executive as well as Legislative powers. And they do so in legitimate implementation of the Supreme Court's fallacious decision. The Constitution and the anthropological commitments of the Supreme Court cannot coexist.

If They Mean It

Mr. W. C. Wentworth, a member of the Australian Parliament, has made a proposal, drawn from the tradition of Mahatma Gandhi, that dramatically shows what the UN might do if its members could somehow lift themselves above the level of international bureaucratism. We quote from the letter that he has made public in his country:

"The time has surely come when the General Assembly itself has both the right and the duty to convene in Budapest and to rebuke by its physical presence those who deny life and liberty to their fellow men.

"Therefore let the Delegates to the United Nations Assembly gather unarmed on the Hungarian frontier, and march peacefully across it, giving thereby a moral lead to the world in deeds as well as in words.

"If they should be subjected to obstruction, indignity, or murder, then at least the whole world would know the nature of the threat which faces it, and the Hungarian people would know that they do not suffer alone.

"The Delegates are the accredited representatives of humanity, and, in the present crisis, must be prepared to discharge their duties without thought of personal risk, like any soldier in the firing line or any citizen in the Budapest streets.

"If some of the religious leaders of the world would walk across the frontier together with the Assembly, they would be acting in conformity with the traditions which they guard.

"Since nobody should suggest such a venture unless he himself is prepared to share in it, I would add that I would be willing to accept appointment as Australian Delegate to the United Nations for this purpose."

We should very greatly like to hear a comment on this proposal from our own Delegate to the United Nations, Mr. Lodge.

Conservative Democrats

As the Republicans in Washington move lightheartedly and light-headedly toward the "new" Republicanism of spendthrift habits, the Democrats in the New England states are putting wet fingers to the wind and announcing (by their behavior) a revived commitment to an essentially conservative "old" Democracy. There is Democratic Governor Muskie of Maine, for example, who won a thumping re-election last fall on a Be-Kind-To-Maine-Business platform. There is Democratic Governor Furculo of Massachusetts, who is trying to slice the budget inherited from his predecessor, Republican Chris Herter. And now there is Democratic Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut, who has just come out against the imposition of a state income tax.

Ribicoff apparently remembers the shrewd philosophy of the late Wilbur Cross, Democrat, Yankee and Yale scholar, who was Connecticut's governor for several terms. It was Cross' reiterated contention that Connecticut, by its refusal to have truck with

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income taxes, served as a residential magnet for well-to-do people who might otherwise have elected to live in New Jersey, Long Island or Westchester. This naturally swelled the taxable grand lists of Connecticut towns, and eventually brought money into state coffers at Hartford via the inheritance tax. Cross was an "old" Democrat who always fought Roosevelt on the spending issue. If the new crop of New England Democratic governors persist in their Yankee line it won't be long before they are replacing a number of Republican senators in Washington. And a good thing, too, for everybody, including the Republican rank and file.

Forgive Him Her Sins

We don't go out and *look* for Eleanor-Rooseveltiana, and we toss aside the overwhelming majority that come our way. But from time to time, there is just no other course . . . So, here we go again.

1. In the heat of last fall's campaign, Mrs. Roosevelt appeared on "Meet the Press." She was asked her opinion of Richard Nixon. She answered: ". . . I [have] no respect for the way in which he accused Helen Gahagan Douglas of being a Communist because he knew that was how he would be elected and I have no respect for the kind of character that takes advantage and does something they know is not true . . ."

The questioner gasped: "Mrs. Roosevelt, did he actually accuse her in that campaign of being a Communist?"

Mrs. Roosevelt: "Yes, he did."

2. Mr. James R. Meehan, of Hunter College, wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt, reminding her that Mrs. Douglas herself had denied having been called a Communist by Nixon and that, of course, Nixon had denied ever making such a charge.

Mr. Meehan added: "It is true that Nixon called the attention of the voters of California to her voting record which included: voting *against* aid for Greece and Turkey when they were struggling against Communism, voting *against* selective service, voting *against* the indictment of the Hollywood Ten, voting *against* an appropriation for the Un-American Activities Committee at every session and, in general, voting with Vito Marcantonio."

And finally: "Now I am sure that if anyone else in public life had flatly accused a person of calling another one a Communist when it was not true you would object violently in your column . . . May I ask you if you have apologized to Vice President Nixon and if you have not, do you intend to?"

3. Mrs. Roosevelt replies. (Her reply is so hopeless we must break in on it sentence by sentence.)

"*I told the press that Mr. Nixon had not called Mrs. Douglas a Communist in so many words but that he had insinuated she was one.* [See the transcript above.] *Mr. Nixon left no stone unturned in his effort to label Mrs. Douglas a Communist and to me that is even worse than outright accusation.* [What happened to Mrs. Roosevelt's false accusation?] *It is ridiculous to say Mrs. Douglas voted with Marcantonio.* [Why?] *There were only two parties in Congress when she was a member.* [Marcantonio was a member of the American Labor Party.] *One either voted with the Democrats or the Republicans* [Wrong. One voted either Yes or No on issues that came up—some of which divided Republicans and Democrats, on a party basis, some of which did not] *and it so happened that Marcantonio voted most of the time with the Democrats* [the relevant statement about Marcantonio is that he voted the Communist line, not the Democratic line, on the issues that came up]. *This is just another evidence of how the truth can be slanted to serve a purpose. Sincerely yours, Eleanor Roosevelt.*"

There. That'll teach Nixon to be slandered by Mrs. Roosevelt on "Meet the Press"!

For Shame, Annie!

Leaping lizards, is Little Orphan Annie ever in hot water this time! And it's not the kind of trouble that Daddy Warbucks can solve. In fact, until this one gets cleared up, Daddy Warbucks had better stay well in the background.

An orphan is bound to get mixed up in bad company from time to time, but Annie has really gone and done it. Let's face it: *Annie is a Poujadist.*

Just possibly, this dereliction on the part of our heroine might have been overlooked had it not been for a hawk-eyed editor of the *New Republic* who caught Annie in the act a Sunday or two ago. After explaining for half a column how it happened that he, a *New Republic* editor, happened to be reading the Sunday comic strips (*New Republic* editors only read *Pogo*), he adduces the evidence. Annie and a friend are discussing rich Cousin Steve. The friend explains that Cousin Steve can't keep much of the money he makes because . . . "he's got to square Uncle Whiskers . . . Th' gov'ment grabs nine bucks out o' every ten in Steve's class . . ." Which draws from Annie the horrified rejoinder: "Wow, is that legal?"

Having thus demonstrated that Annie is an anarchist, the *New Republic* broods over the effect on the national economy when "today's children, trained in Poujadisme by Little Orphan Annie, attain to the age of reason and a taxable income."

"Wow, is *that* legal?" says Annie.

"Arf," says Sandy.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Unions Don't Care

Two hundred thousand shipyard workers all over Britain have gone on strike and three million engineers are planning to follow their example in a few days. This could well be the major industrial crisis which has been building up for a long time and was clearly forecast at last year's Trade Union Congress when Mr. Macmillan's "plateau of prices" was derided as a device to prevent the workers' getting more money.

Though the cost of living has continued to rise slowly but steadily, industrial wages have gone up very much faster. That is an easily demonstrable statistical fact but it carries little weight with the unions. Whatever they may say about a Conservative Government undermining the workers' standard of living, their real objective is to gain a still larger share of the national income while the going seems good. They feel their power, and they mean to use it.

There is an increasing sense in which the union leaders are no longer master in their own house. They make agreements with the employers which they find themselves unable to carry out. Real authority has to a great extent passed into the hands of the shop stewards, and an alarming number of shop stewards are Communists. The recent inquiry into the troubles at Briggs' Motor Works brought one open admission of Communist Party membership and suggested deep penetration elsewhere.

Industrial relations in the shipbuilding industry have been bad for a long time. The unions have been responsible for hundreds of stoppages and a deplorable list of restrictive practices. The best known example probably is the Cammell Laird strike last year which stopped work in a shipyard for months on end because of a dispute between carpenters and metal workers about who should bore holes in the sides of ships. ("The screwy strike" it was called.) On their side, the employers have done much less in the way of friendly contacts than has been achieved in many other industries.

Nevertheless the shipbuilding industry is undoubtedly prosperous. Its order books are full for several years ahead and the profits, on paper at least, are large. By the time these profits are cut into for capital expansion and replacements, taxed, distributed and taxed again, they begin to look a good deal less impressive; but such calculations mean very little to the workers in the yards, a failure for which the employers are partly to blame in not having made better use of the art of public relations.

Cash Offer—or Else

Seeing what looks like a glittering prize, the unions are making a grab at it. They got a substantial pay increase only last autumn and promptly announced that they wanted another. When the employers turned the idea down, the unions were deeply affronted at what they called an "aggressive" attitude. They gave the employers one more chance to see reason and then, finding them still obdurate, announced the strike. The Minister of Labor tried to arrange for arbitration. The employers agreed "against their better judgment," but they needn't have worried: the unions were having none of it. Mr. Hill, the Boilermakers' leader, spoke some fighting words: "There will be no arbitration and no court of inquiry. None of that stuff. It is either a cash offer from the employers, or it is strike action. We are not worried about the effect on our exports. All we are worried about is having an effect on our wage claim.... Our members come before the country."

So the strike was on. The shipbuilding and engineering industries are so closely connected that their respective claims were bound to be received in the same way: the engineers also were turned down. A strike of engineering workers will not affect maintenance engineers in other industries; it will be aimed at the manufacturers of engineering products. Such a strike may not hit the community directly, as a strike of electricians or transport workers does, but its effects will gradually percolate through all the other industries which depend in some degree upon engineering and, most serious of all, it could deal a crushing blow to the exports on which Britain lives. (Engineering products constitute 40 per cent of the total British export.)

Foreign Competition

But the unions see money in the kitty and they want it. The employers reply quite sensibly that a lot of that money should be plowed back, anyway, and that if the cost of British ships rises, the order books may not remain full. If the industry ceases to be prosperous, does anyone really suppose wages will come down again? Already German and Japanese shipyards are running Britain close. They produce ships more cheaply and they deliver them more quickly. The unions should be girding up their loins for a hard race, not sticking out a foot to trip up the shipbuilders.

If the unions were prepared to do away with restrictive practices in return for a cash offer, it might be worth making a deal. But they are not. Their only idea of "negotiations" is that the employers should agree, in advance, to give them more money.

That is another reason why a good many people outside as well as inside the shipbuilding and engineering industries think this may be an issue worth fighting to a finish. If the unions can ask two or three times a year for a raise in wages, and always get at least a proportion of what they ask for, if negotiation and a compromise settlement must always mean higher wages and higher prices, it seems perfectly clear that sooner or later someone must cry "Halt!" and mean it. But can Britain, with her precarious economy, afford a long and bitter industrial struggle?

The Minister of Labor, I think, would say no. The employers would presumably say that Britain can't afford not to have one. The unions apparently don't ask that sort of question at all.

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The New Journalism: National Review'

Mr. Chamberlain, one of America's most distinguished literary critics, edited the 'National Review Reader.' Herewith his introduction

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Eightieth Congress—the one which passed the Taft-Hartley Act—lives in retrospect as a gosh-awful nightmare to Liberals of the statist persuasion. It is not so much that Bob Taft finally managed to make his impression in the Eightieth; nor is it that taxes were cut back a bit, or that public housing received a slight rebuff, or that price controls were rejected, or that social security was left precisely where it was. No, the thing which really annoys the latter-day Liberals about the Eightieth Congress is that it symbolizes the resurgence, ever so faint, of an intellectual opposition to trends which they had considered operative for eternity. The true reason for the Liberals' wrath is accurately reported by historian Eric Goldman. Quoting columnist T.R.B. of the *New Republic,* Goldman says with an air of horror too anguished to be restrained: 'Everything was debatable again."

That is it: the fear of debate. Although Voltaire ("I wholly disapprove of what you have to say but will defend to the death your right to say it") is still quoted by latter-day Liberals, they don't really believe in Voltaire. They have a birth-controller attitude toward any sentiment which offends the statist canon. It is not that they want to murder an opposing idea; murder is a messy business. It is just that they don't want it to be born.

Ideas, however, persist in eluding the birth-controller. Since 1947 when "everything was debatable again" there have been many parturitions. Where once the *Nation* and the *New Republic* lorded it over the world of intellectual politics, there is now a whole new journalism of ideas. It is a journalism which has had to struggle into being. But the new journalism has no reason to complain: struggle is the law of life. The new journalism is the more finely tempered for having had to deal with the machinations of the Liberal birth-controllers.

NATIONAL REVIEW is the latest—and, to my mind, the most comprehensive and solidly rooted—manifestation of the new journalism of ideas. Because it is eloquent and effective it has received the full treatment of denigration from the latter-day Liberals. In the beginning, just a scant year ago, it was the object of the Averted Gaze. But when the Averted Gaze didn't keep it from being born, NATIONAL REVIEW got the next—or the We-need-a-good-conservative-magazine-but-this-isn't-it—phase of the treatment. That is still the standard criticism of it in Liberal circles. Mr. Buckley's "A Report from the Publisher," which the reader may find on page 19 [of the *Reader*] gives some pertinent examples of the stuff that is going the rounds, and I don't want to go over ground that has already been covered with wit and *expertise.* But I do want to call attention to the common element in most of the latter-day Liberal screeds on the subject of conservatism and/or libertarianism. That common element is a refusal to argue about anything that is basic. The Liberal will never confront an uncomfortable idea.

When Liberals Are Intolerant

The latter-day Liberal is a Fabian. He believes in a mild, constitutional movement toward more and more statism, toward more and more cradle-to-grave social security, toward an ever-increasing increment of government controls, supports and ownership. To him, a "good" conservatism consists in a willingness to "conserve" whatever "advances" have already been achieved under the New and Fair Deals, plus a willingness to follow the Liberal lead toward socialist goals, though at a slower, more sedate pace. What the latter-day Liberal rejects as "bad" conservatism is any manifestation of a Fabianism-in-the-opposite-direction, a Fabianism which aspires to restore voluntary methods in place of the state compulsion advocated by the Liberals.

When the conservative—or libertarian—opposition to Liberal Fabianism was a mere matter of esoteric books, the Liberal was a more or less tolerant fellow. He could take an Albert Jay Nock, author of *Our Enemy the State,* as a crotchety manifestation of a queer, vestigial point of view. He could write off Hilaire Belloc's *The Servile State* or the works of Lord Acton or Buckhardt or de Tocqueville as a collection of shrewd insights which somehow did not apply when one's friends were rising to power. But when the conservatism, or libertarianism, of the books became journalism—*i.e.,* applied to living trends and tissues—the mask of toleration was off.

Anything the modern Liberal can't take over, or manipulate by remote control, he hates. He will accept the point of view of self-proclaimed "conservatives" such as Peter Viereck or Clinton Rossiter, for these conservatives stem from a Tory socialist tradition which believes in a considerable range of governmental interference in the affairs of men. The modern Liberal doesn't quarrel particularly with the doctrine currently known as the New Republicanism, for the programmatic outline of "progressive moderation" hardly differs save as a matter of degree from what has gone before it under the name of the New Deal. But when a *Freeman* magazine or a NATIONAL REVIEW comes along to propose a Fabianism-in-reverse, the hatred flashes.

The Liberal's refusal to accept opposing ideas as arguable propositions

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makes for a predominantly sullen intellectual atmosphere. When I first came to New York, in the mid-twenties, the controversies raged quite as they do now. But intellectual warfare in those days was waged gaily. Reporters were not treated as untouchables for insisting on strict standards of reporting: a Paul Anderson could produce the most startling and damaging stories for Villard's *Nation* and still mingle with his opposites in polite society. The sectarian impulse had not yet triumphed, and parties were stimulating gatherings instead of meetings of mutual admiration societies. But today there is always a "line" of affairs which must not be crossed. If a John T. Flynn, for example, steps over the line in pursuit of his journalistic duty to ferret out the facts on Pearl Harbor he will get no credit for a scoop. He will be lucky indeed if the treatment received by his enterprise stops short with the Averted Gaze.

"Unquenchable Insouciance"

In the contemporary climate it would scarcely be cause for wonder if the image of the Happy Warrior were completely to disappear from the intellectual life. The strange thing about it, however, is that this hasn't happened. It hasn't happened mainly because of the phenomenon of NATIONAL REVIEW. John Fischer, the editor of *Harper's,* finds the contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW a "dreadfully earnest" lot. Their tone, he says, is one of "humorless indignation." But if Mr. Fischer has indeed gone to the trouble of reading successive issues of NATIONAL REVIEW he must be suffering from myopia. For the truly distinguishing thing about NATIONAL REVIEW writers is the gaiety with which they accept their mission of confounding the Liberals and making all things "debatable again."

I have been a steady reader of NATIONAL REVIEW from the first issue. At times I have had a feeling that the articles fall short of the fresh contemporary reference that is achieved by hard digging. At other times I have thought the departments were all too contemporary. Reading the issues over again for anthologizing purposes, however, I was surprised by the long-term timeliness of the articles. I was also gratified to discover that the departments, though they are often unavoidably devoted to issues that die within the month, have the same long-term value.

Beyond all this, what stands up about the magazine is its unquenchable insouciance. Take the spoof of Willmoore Kendall's "The Liberal Line," for example. Mr. Kendall deals with the propaganda of the Liberals as if there were actual staff work involved in coordinating, or "gleichschalting," what goes into the New York *Post,* the *Nation,* the Washington *Post,* the *Reporter* and what-not. Now everyone knows, or should know if he has a spark of humor, that there is no Liberal high command handing out the weekly line on John Foster Dulles or Joe McCarthy. There doesn't have to be. The truly horrifying thing is that the Liberal publications all come out with the same sentiments at precisely the same moment simply because their responses have become automatic. They all act like the reciprocating parts of a machine. Because the Liberal responses are devoid of the questioning, the shading, the balancing of one thing against another, that are the evidence of individual thought, they sound like a line-and-staff operation. Hence Mr. Kendall is justified in treating them on an "as if" basis. That he has considerable tongue-in-cheek fun in going it is apparent, I believe, in the examples printed in this anthology.

Departments

William S. Schlamm's department, "Arts and Manners," has a scorching, rippling, rocketing gaiety that is like nothing in the contemporary press. Part coffee-house raconteur, part soul-mate for Don Marquis' Mehitabel ("there's a dance in the old dame yet"), part philosopher, and part Old Testament prophet, Mr. Schlamm achieves his wonderfully revealing effects by a continual exercise of what Kenneth Burke used to call "perspective by incongruity." He has moral passion and intellectual indignation—but he never forgets his lightness of touch. Mr. Schlamm is as anti-Communist as anybody, and he knows that the Number One enemy of Western society is the international machine for evil doing that is directed from the Kremlin. But he also knows that the sickness of modern life would still be with us if the sixth of the earth's surface that is Russia were to sink beneath the waves tomorrow. Thus his departmental criticisms of Broadway, Hollywood and Madison Avenue have a value that will remain as long as thirty-year-old professional teen agers turn to Elvis Presley, or as long as Arthur Miller and his ilk go on mistaking conventions for boldness. Even in the event that Mr. Schlamm could convert all his enemies to certain standards of decency and beauty he would still be exciting reading. For, unlike most haters, Schlamm is by actual choice a lover. He prefers to spend time among his enthusiasms—which links him to that almost forgotten school of criticism that included Arthur Symons and James Huneker.

Three other departmental contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW—James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer and Russell Kirk—write out of backgrounds that combine immense learning with a distinctly worldly experience of their subjects. They, too, have the moral passion which Editor Fischer of *Harper's* thinks is so "dreadfully earnest." But they also have firmness and a quality of urbanity which is the very antithesis of "dreadful." Contributors such as Burnham, Meyer and Kirk have been so tempered in controversy that they do not easily lose their good manners. But the general good humor with which they conduct their departments does not weaken the ability of any one of them to cut through to conclusions that are inexorable. Nobody reading Burnham's reports from the battlefront of the Third World War would ever be deceived into thinking peaceful coexistence possible with someone who has taken an unholy vow to cut his enemy's throat. And nobody reading Meyer and Kirk would ever suppose that the diseases of American pedagogy can be cured with a poultice.

The insouciance that is the trademark of NATIONAL REVIEW extends to the details of its editing. Suzanne LaFollette brings to the office a continuity of tradition that goes back to the original *Freeman* of Albert Jay Nock, who was her first editor.

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The overseas letter writers—Voigt from England, Kuehnelt-Leddihn from the European continent—are unbluffable men with firm roots in the older liberalism of the nineteenth century. The editorials, even down to the smallest paragraph, make the most of the humorous, sometimes tragically humorous, circumstances provided by Liberal double standards, and Liberal doublethink. They give nothing to the easy pragmatism of politics as it is practiced among a people which regards the state as a proper dispenser of bargain counter notions. But they are not so "dreadfully earnest" as to suppose that the political mores of a people can be changed by fiat. They are written by fighters who know they are in for a war that will still be raging when the torch—and the weapon—have passed to other hands. The quality of combativeness in the editorial columns of NATIONAL REVIEW is canalized by patience. Thus there can be no easy anger directed at NATIONAL REVIEW for its objection to the Liberals' idea that the mores of the American South can be legislated out of existence overnight by a sociological dictum of the Supreme Court. In their decent respect for the organic quality of society NATIONAL REVIEW editors neither expect to have things both ways nor do they propose to let the Liberals get away with the two-way standard.

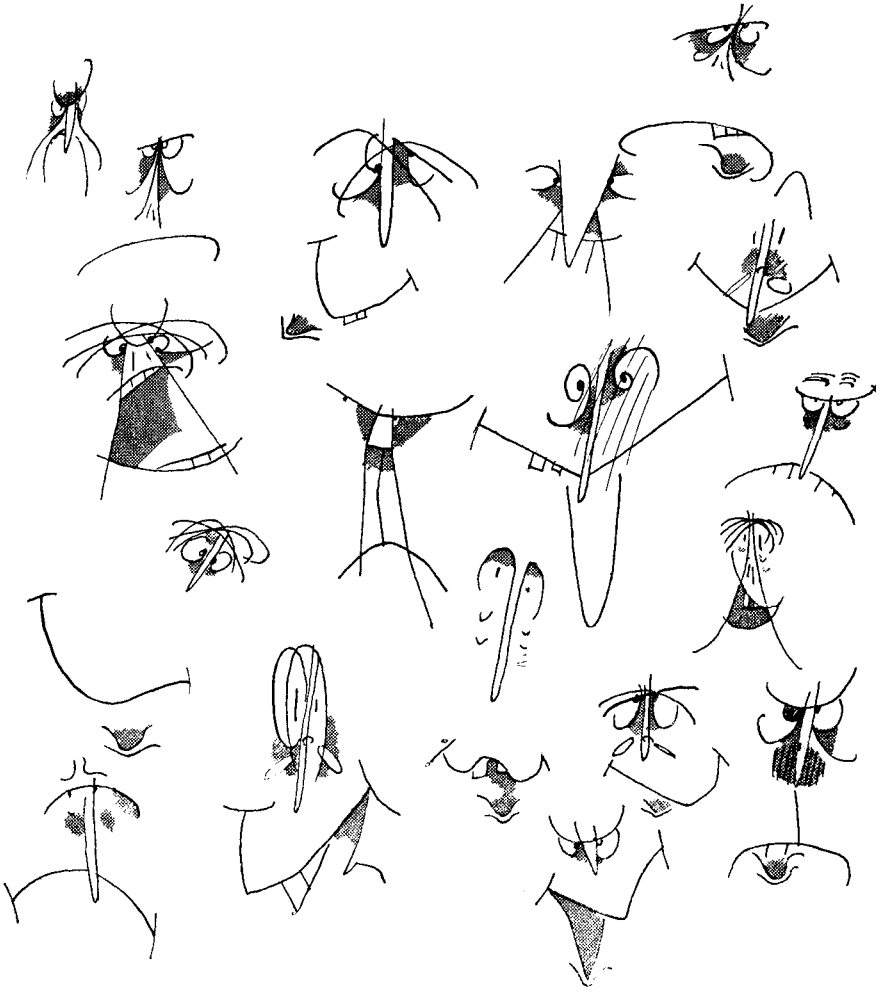
The literary section of NATIONAL REVIEW has turned up one remarkable phenomenon: a reviewer who can say something within the space of a single paragraph. On the masthead of the magazine he appears as Revilo Oliver; in the book pages, as a paragrapher, he signs himself R.P.O. The fiction reviews of Robert Phelps are among the most sensitive of the day.

The Man Behind

When Emerson said an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man, he had something. The trouble with most institutions, including a majority of the big foundations, is the moral insubstantiality of the men behind them. Thus we have shadows of shadows. The institutional framework of NATIONAL REVIEW, however, is something quite different. A magazine with a single director naturally takes color from the character of its publisher, and the publisher in this instance is a man of honor in the Ortega y Gasset definition.

The man behind NATIONAL REVIEW, William F. Buckley, Jr., is a young man who chose deliberately to buck a tide. Neither he nor Mr. Brent Bozell, who made the choice with him when they were both still in college, could have expected anything but contumely for such brazen effrontery. And contumely is what they got. The remarkable thing is that amid blows neither Mr. Buckley nor Mr. Bozell has lost a fundamental sweetness of temper. This is apparent in the selections from their work which may be found in this anthology. But Mr. Buckley's own sweetness of temper is also very much apparent in the ground tone of the magazine as a whole.

"Dreadfully earnest"? "Humorless indignation"? No, the Liberal critics of NATIONAL REVIEW must have had some other magazine in mind when they trotted forth these stereotyped responses. Their picture of a conservative has apparently been formed by Peter Arno's *New Yorker* cartoon of the elderly clubman. They don't know that the radical zest has passed from the Liberals and found a new home across the lines. The content of this book speaks for itself. It is living evidence that the conservative—or libertarian—cause is in Happy Warriors' hands.



Kreuttner

Have Been Heard to Say:

"What has 'Why die for Dantzig?' got to do with 'Why die for Quemoy and Matsu?'?"

"I didn't say I had anything to conceal. I said I had a constitutional right to conceal it!"

"Anybody can debate with facts and figures. The true leader is the man who continues to defend a position when he doesn't know what he's talking about."

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Innocence by Association

Former Senator James H. Duff is an honorable man. No one questions this, least of all the members of the Labor Rackets Investigating Committee. But honor is not borrowed by "hiring" a man of integrity. Chairman McClellan, displaying considerable patience, did his best to convince the boss of the Teamsters that neither honor nor immunity can be purchased, no matter how deep one digs into the funds of other people.

Dave Beck is a veteran victor of many a battle, but *this* is different. The man who has held the economic power of life and death over millions of workers, and unlimited power over millions of dollars "contributed" by union members for his private needs and caprices, squirmed and wiggled and attempted to evade. But the net had been wrought well; it held. Mr. Beck was driven inexorably to that most undesirable of legal loopholes—the Fifth Amendment.

True, he invoked the First, Second, Third and Fourth but everyone knew (with the possible exception of Mr. Beck himself) that his real refuge was the Fifth—"No person shall be . . . compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself . . ."

By this, and the respectability of ex-Senator Duff, Dave Beck, porcine and perspiring, made certain that he would receive the benefit of another constitutional right—the right to "a speedy and public trial" by a jury of his peers (Article VI): Mr. Beck will be cited for contempt of Congress.

It is a hundred-to-one-shot that a grand jury will consider indictment for misfeasance, malfeasance, conspiracy, fraud, embezzlement. These are merely some of the legal hurdles which Mr. Beck must high-jump—or get a number on a cheap cotton suit at Leavenworth or Atlanta.

Though Mr. Beck might have preferred a more sympathetic audience, it included the highest echelons of Washington society, legal experts (including labor attorneys), members of Congress, press, radio, television and photographers. (Former Senator Duff, whose name was invoked by Mr. Beck in reverent association with the Fifth Amendment, was not present.)

Mr. Beck suffered the shattering experience of having an audience laugh at him, not *with* him. When he concluded his first eulogy of Senator Duff, and made the implied plea of "innocence by association," Senator McClellan endorsed Beck's views on Duff's integrity and dryly added: "Senator Duff is also a good lawyer; no doubt that is why he told you to resort to the Fifth Amendment. Do you believe that an honest statement of fact concerning the matters before this Committee would tend to incriminate you?" Mr. Beck went around Robin Hood's barn but, under pressure from the chair, he finally affirmed the premise.

It was all over in fifteen minutes. The big boss of the biggest union ran like a rabbit, on advice of that distinguished and honorable counsel. And when a "big boss" shows an empty space where his guts should be, that's death.

Nixon, Africa, the Presidency

There is a growing conviction among Washington correspondents that Nixon is to be the next President—by election or succession. Some thirty newsmen covered Nixon's barnstorming of Africa (and Rome), and news coverage was excellent. But there were subtleties and implications and impressions which provided an illuminating complement to the news and topical comment.

Mr. Nixon will do anything within reason, or beyond, to accommodate reporters. Obviously this makes for a good press and has even converted some journalists who until recently have not been numbered among his admirers. Mr. Eisenhower, on the other hand, has grown less and less patient with the press. This is one of the intangibles behind the rumor that the President will resign before the expiration of his term. Health, of course, is the basic reason for the surmise, and it found somewhat greater credence recently when Mr. Bernard Shanley, of the "Palace Guard," gratuitously stated in public that the President is sometimes so fatigued that he drops his head on his arms on the desk.

Mr. Nixon is completely convinced that the Battle for Africa is already under way, and that the newly-liberated Negro nation of Ghana is a major gateway for Soviet penetration. He "made friends and influenced people" to a considerable extent. He introduced a new technique (new to Africa)—the venerable American political practice of shaking hands with anybody and everybody. On a continent where the high and the low have been farther apart than East and West, the "democracy" of the U.S. Vice President was a strange and wondrous thing.

During the entire expedition—with one exception—he received glad homage on an incredible scale. The exception was at the banquet at Accra, Ghana's capital, where Mr. Nixon was conspicuously seated "below the salt." The Marxist Prime Minister appreciates friendship with the USSR. As for the U.S.A., he only wants a few million dollars (now) and a *white* American ambassador. . . .

Ghana is most unlikely to become another Israel in the sense that it will be supported by a racial lobby in the United States. Ralph Bunche and Congressman Powell, among other Negro leaders, have indicated in private that there are few cultural or religious ties to bind Americans of African descent to the people of Ghana.

Unquestionably, the United States is going to invest materially in the "Dark Continent." It would be seemly to call these grants, loans, subsidies, the "Nixon Plan for Africa," rather than to commemorate the co-author of the Chinese catastrophe by calling them the "Marshall Plan for Africa."

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The Roots of Libertarian Conservatism

The classical liberal was a good economist but a poor philosopher. And we, Mr. Meyer contends, must salvage Spencer's libertarian case against statism

FRANK S. MEYER

"The American conservative," Ralph de Toledano maintained some little while ago in NATIONAL REVIEW, "is limited by a pantheon and a demonology." And, he went on to argue, before a clear principled outlook for contemporary American conservatism can be crystallized, "there must be a long . . . period of examination, ferment, and distillation." Exaggerated though Mr. de Toledano's strictures may be, there is something to them; as a contribution to the "examination" for which he calls, I should like to discuss some aspects of the limitation of vision he notes.

When he writes that "a pantheon and a demonology" too often take the place of principle in the conservative outlook, he is referring primarily to attitudes towards contemporary political figures; but the same tendencies to think in a stereotyped manner can also be found when more fundamental problems of conservatism are in question.

A recent critical letter from a friend of NATIONAL REVIEW expresses one such tendency, a tendency typical of views prevalent among some conservatives, but one that, in my opinion, stands in the way of clarification of the basic issues to which conservatism must address itself. This reader is distressed because he finds that NATIONAL REVIEW, in its opposition to Marxism and contemporary Liberalism, seems to parallel some of the ideas of "laissez-faire-ism" and "Manchesterian liberalism," and he is particularly upset that a reviewer in its pages has had good words to say for Herbert Spencer.

Undoubtedly there is much that conservatives must reject, much indeed that is responsible for the plight of the 20th century, in the thinking of the Manchester liberal economists, of Herbert Spencer, of the 19th century liberals in general. But there is one sense in which we who in the 20th century are dedicated to the conservation of the Western heritage can only at our peril ignore them and consign their works to the devil. Their love of liberty, and those aspects of their economic and political thinking directed towards the assurance of liberty, must remain a part of the inheritance that conservatism preserves, as surely as their utilitarian ethics and secular progressivism have to be rejected.

Tragic Contradiction

There is an inherent tragedy in the history of classical liberalism. As it developed the economic and political doctrines of limited state power, a free market economy, and the freedom of the individual person, it sapped, with its philosophical and ethical utilitarianism, the foundations of belief in an organic moral order. But the only possible basis of a respect for the integrity of the individual person and for the overriding value of his freedom is a belief in an organic moral order; and without such a respect the doctrines of political and economic liberty cannot stand. Likewise, without such a belief widespread among men, a free society, even if it could exist, would only become licentious war of all against all.

Political freedom, failing a broad personal acceptance of the obligation to duty and to charity, is never viable. Deprived of an understanding of the philosophical foundations of freedom, and exposed to the ravening of conscienceless marauders, men forget that they are fully men only to the degree that they are free to choose their destiny, and they turn towards whatever fallacy promises them welfare and order.

The classical liberal as philosopher dug away the foundations of the economic and political doctrines of classical liberalism, and prepared the way for his own transformation into the collectivist Liberal of the 20th century, and for the advent of the Liberal's more hideous cousin, the total authoritarian of Communism and Nazism.

But the tragedy of the classical liberal is the result not of unmitigated evil, but of contradiction. However much he may have contributed to the debacle we have witnessed, he himself, largely because (whatever his explicit philosophy) he continued to live on the inherited moral capital of centuries of Christendom, was still a man of conscience. As Christopher Dawson has said: "The old Liberalism with all its shortcomings had its roots deep in the soil of Western and Christian culture." With those roots as yet unsevered, conscience remained to him, suspended though it was in mid-air, without firm support. And with the aid of that conscience, the classical liberal was able to develop those theories—the relationship between the state and the person, the relationship of the economic order to the political order, the moral limits to the authority of the state, the primacy of the person—which form so important a part of the heritage with which we who call ourselves conservative and libertarian are armed to combat the monstrous tyranny of the 20th century state. For our struggle is twofold. We have the task of fighting for individual freedom, at one and the same time that we fight to vindicate the religious and moral beliefs without whose sustaining and pervasive presence, political freedom would be empty and purposeless.

Although the classical liberals forgot that in the *moral* realm freedom is only a means whereby men can pursue their proper end which is virtue, they did understand that in the *political* realm freedom is the primary end. And they worked as men have seldom worked before to implement

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this understanding. If, with Acton, we "take the establishment of liberty for the realization of moral duties to be the end of civil society," we who live in an age when liberty is the last thought of our political mentors, theoretical or practical, have little cause to make demons of those who stood and thought and fought for liberty, however corrupted their understanding of the ends of liberty.

Their error lay largely in a confusion of the temporal with the transcendent. They could not distinguish between the *authoritarianism* with which men and institutions suppress the freedom of man, and the *authority* of God and Truth. But this was an error that, in reverse—and, in ultimate terms, much less seriously—vitiated also the thought of 19th century conservatives. The authority of God, and of Truth as conveyed in tradition, they respected; but too often they imbued the authoritarianism of men and institutions with the sacred aura of divine authority, and made of tradition, which in its rightful role serves as a guide to the operation of reason, a weapon instead with which to suppress reason.

Without their deep understanding of the basis of men's moral existence, their reverence for that continuity and prescription which ties the present to the past, the very foundation of contemporary conservatism would be missing. Yet, we can no more make of the great conservative figures of the 19th century a pantheon, we can no more regard them as unerring mentors, than we can damn out of hand their classical liberal opposition. Sound though they were on the essentials of man's being, on his responsibility to seek virtue, and on his duty in the moral order, they failed too often to realize that the *political condition* of moral fulfillment is freedom from coercion.

Above all, they did not see the immense dangers implicit in the union of political and economic power, as science and technology created apace their immense aggregations of economic energy. Aware, as the classical liberals were not, of the reality of original sin, they forgot that its effects are never more virulent than when men wield untrammeled power. Looking to the state to reduce inequity, they forgot that the power of the state rests in the hands of men as subject to the effects of original sin as those they govern. They failed to see that if, to the power naturally inherent in the state to defend its citizens from violence, domestic and foreign, and to administer justice, there is added a positive power over economic and social energy, the temptation to tyranny becomes irresistible, and the political conditions of freedom wither.

Tradition Split Asunder

Today, in the face of the multifold problems of the most revolutionary age in the history of mankind, to imagine that the crystallization of a conservative outlook requires only that we carry on the principles of those who called themselves conservatives in the 19th century, is immensely to oversimplify the task. Because the conservative is one who preserves tradition, it does not mean that his task is a Byzantine imitation and repetition of what others have done before. True, in the decisively important areas of human destiny, truths have been given us that we cannot improve upon, that we can only convey and make real in the terms of our time. And here the conservatives of the 19th century played an heroic part in preserving, in the teeth of the overwhelming tendency of the time, the age-old image of man as a creature of transcendent destiny.

In the political and economic realm, however, these truths serve but to establish the end of civil society. They give no guide as to means. In this area, the conservative has to apply his reason to achieve an understanding of what is presently requisite for the establishment of that end—freedom.

In short, I would maintain that the great tradition of Western civilization has come to us through the 19th-century split, bifurcated, so that we cannot draw upon the conservatives of that century alone, but must also make use of the best in the economic and political theories of the classical liberals.

The economists of the liberal British tradition, from Adam Smith through and beyond the vilified Manchesterians, like the Austrian economists from Menger and Boehm-Bawerk to Mises and Hayek, analyzed the conditions of industrial society and established the principles upon which the power that it produces can be developed for the use of men without nurturing a monstrous Leviathan. Without this analysis we would be lost indeed in the Keyneso-Marxian jungle of the accepted economics of the day.

And in the sphere of political theory, who has surpassed the 19th-century liberals in their prophetic understanding of the looming danger of the monster state? Acton and Tocqueville need no defense in the terms of this argument, for they understood as well as any conservative the philosophical foundations of human life. They combined in their own persons the elsewhere bifurcated virtues of classical liberalism and classical conservatism, in a way paralleled perhaps only in the United States by those who framed the Constitution and guided the destinies of our country in its early years—men like Washington and Madison. But the more typical libertarian political theorists of the line that culminated in Spencer, despite the corrosive effect of their underlying philosophical outlook, contributed mightily to the vindication of the person against the state and to the formulation of the foundations of anti-statist political theory.

There is a whole side of Spencer's thought—a fascination with biological analogies and a crude animalistic image of man, which reeks of the worst of of 19th-century smug scientism—that is virulent when it is not childish; but the best parts of *Social Statics*, written near the beginning of his career, and of *The Man versus the State*, written towards its end, provide an unrivalled analysis of the degenerative effect of state power upon liberty. It is an analysis vital to the struggle against statism, which is, in the political sphere, the first task of conservatives today.

Holmes against Spencer

It is no wonder that Justice Holmes, in the full heat of the collectivist Liberal drive to weaken the constitutional barriers against welfare statism, thundered from the bench: "The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social*

(*Continued on p.* 339)

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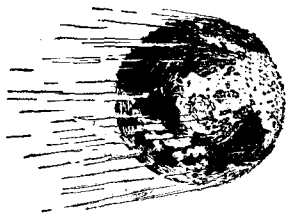

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Notes from Various Fronts

Cuba. There has not yet been independent confirmation of Cuban President Fulgencio Batista's statement that the young rebel leader, Fidel Castro, is a Communist. It is a fact, however, that the Cuban Communist Party and the entire international movement are giving Fidel Castro all-out support. His tactics as well as his program indicate close study of Communist experience. His guerrilla methods and his attempt to link his striking force with the villages are modeled on Mao Tse-tung. In propaganda, Castro "politicalizes" his terrorism to a degree unusual in Latin America.

Poland. Cardinal Wyszynksi, the Catholic Primate of Poland, is reliably reported to be a close personal friend of Wladislaw Gomulka, Poland's "new course" Communist premier, whose election the Cardinal publicly supported in January.

United States. The U. S. Communist Party is making segregation its No. 1 issue. In spite of decades of effort, the Party has never won much support from U. S. Negroes. It seems probable that the present line on segregation is a political flank maneuver aimed primarily at White Liberals and do-gooders rather than at Negroes.

The No. 2 issue is "civil liberties," with specific objectives of upsetting the Smith Act and the Internal Security Act, and removing the Party from the Attorney General's list (or having the list itself abolished). More generally, the Party aims to relegitimize its activities, and to return its spokesmen to public forums. The leadership is astonished at its easy success in the John Gates affair. The Civil Liberties Union, *New York Post, New York Times,* along with nearly the entire Liberal phalanx took the position, in effect, that Communist leaders have *the right* to speak at will in any of our colleges.

The current program is completed by "peace" as the No. 3 issue.

China. The title of a secret speech delivered February 27 by Mao Tse-tung has been disclosed as: "How to Deal Correctly with the Problems of Internal Conflict Among the People." Reflecting the mounting waves of discontent, Mao listed nine sources of "internal conflict," among them the following: people's demand for democracy *vs.* centralism and proletarian dictatorship; peasant dissatisfaction *vs.* collectivism; liberalism *vs.* re-education of the youth; Communist solidarity *vs.* counter-revolutionary forces; political autonomy *vs.* resistance of minority races; problems pertaining to conflicts in industrialization; problems of indoctrinating "the reactionary and backward elements."

Military Aid. An important factor in both Moscow's and Washington's military aid programs is seldom mentioned in the general press. Soviet military commanders, like their American counterparts, are not at all unhappy to be able to dump their obsolescent armament on the recipient nations, and to use their consequently bare shelves as argument for new, upgraded hardware.

Latin America. Communist support of Fidel Castro's revolt against Cuba's Batista is part of a more general Communist campaign, with Generalissimo Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, General Rojas Pinilla of Colombia, and President Marcos Perez Jiminez of Venezuela the other prime targets. These chiefs of state have given solid proof of military and economic cooperation with the United States. The crucial strategic importance of the four nations is sufficiently obvious: the two island republics capable of controlling the Caribbean; Colombia and Venezuela at once the bridgehead to South America and the guard post for the Panama Canal and all Central America; Venezuela with the greatest proved American oil resources outside of the United States.

For this campaign the Communists find themselves in an automatic united front with the Liberals. The Liberals — on formal ideological grounds divorced from considerations of strategy, interest and local conditions—join zealously in the attack on the four "ruthless dictators": that is to say, bolster the Communist plan to reduce these four nations to Communist-favoring chaos.

There is reason to believe that the mysterious, still unsolved disappearance of Jésus de Galindez is related to this Communist "Caribbean campaign."

Trotskyists. Since Khrushchev's de-Stalinization speech a year ago the major wing of Trotskyist Communism has abandoned the intransigent opposition to the Moscow regime that it maintained from 1933 on. The American Trotskyists (Socialist Workers Party) are calling not only for a united front with the Communist Party but for discussions looking toward outright unity — a course which transforms them, like the official Communists, into political agents and potential espionage recruits of the Kremlin.

In Ceylon the already functioning front of the two large Trotskyist parties with the official Communists is swinging Prime Minister Bandaranaike more squarely into the pro-Soviet direction toward which he naturally inclines. A tone of desperate urgency can be detected in recent attempts of the anti-Communist former Prime Minister, Sir John Kotelawala, to rebuild his political forces.

Brazil. President Juscelino Kubitschek's involvement with the Brazilian Communists is apparently less close than was feared by many American observers at the time of his election a year ago. Although the Communists (nominally illegal) are allowed to function fairly freely, Senhor Kubitschek's foreign policy has been correlated on the whole with Washington's, even when, as in the lease to the United States of a missile-spotting site, the Brazilian President has had to contend with strong domestic opposition.

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The Open Question

The Coming Revolt in Russia

Russians, like Hungarians, will rise up against Soviet tyranny when the time is ripe, predicts the author of 'Assignment in Utopia'

EUGENE LYONS

We all know the argument that successful revolutions are inconceivable against tyrants possessing huge modern military forces. Hungary, and in lesser degree Poland, have cancelled out that familiar assumption.

When the time is ripe, when the climactic hour has struck, the size of a government's military establishment, the number and quality of its weapons, become irrelevant. Not only are the armed forces swept along by the national tide, but in the measure that they retain some discipline and leadership these are placed at the disposal of the revolution.

Whether and when a real uprising on a nationwide scale will take place is wide open to argument, but the magnitude and power of the Soviet military machine is no longer pertinent to the inquiry. Not the dimensions but the decisive loyalties of the military setup will tell the story. If it sticks by the regime, a small, old-fashioned army can crush a revolt as effectively as a huge modern army, but Hungary attests that in the time of supreme crisis it will side with the populace. And in the case of Soviet Russia there will be no foreign power to crush the people. In theory China, if still in Communist hands, could attempt this, but practically geography is most unfavorable to such an intervention.

A second Hungarian fact seems to me tremendously meaningful for all Communist countries, Russia included. This is the swift and thorough disintegration of the ruling Communist Party under the impact of popular eruptions. Almost at once the Hungarian people discovered the extraordinary truth that there were no Communists in their country, not in the sense of fanatically dedicated supporters of the regime.

"The best among us," said Jules Hay, a prominent and formerly enthusiastic Hungarian Communist, "suffered in this climate of mendacity. We have paid dearly for our lies: we saw our productivity falter, the level of our work sink, while drifting farther away from the philosophic foundations of our literary existence: Marxism-Leninism."

Here was a cry of inner anguish by a man who had everything to gain from playing the regime's dirty games. And to me, who long ago lived in Moscow largely among Communist intellectuals, Hay's words seemed an echo of that time and place. Again and again Soviet journalists, writers, actors who outwardly were "sincere Communists," who were trusted by the Kremlin and lived a good life by Soviet standards, talked to me in just that vein.

Sometimes it was in vodka that they suddenly found the courage to protest their fate. More often it was some new excess of official ghoulishness that moved them to break silence. And always I knew that it was not to educate a foreigner that they risked talking but to assuage their own stricken consciences. In six years residence in the USSR I got to know a good many well-placed Communists but in not one of them did his Communism go deeper than surface conformity. In a few cases they posed—not only to me but to themselves—as true believers for years, but always a time came when the pose collapsed.

Of this I am very sure: that, except among the very young and as yet inexperienced, there are no Communists in the Soviet Union. Support of the regime rests on self-interest, national patriotism, fear of the vacuum that would be left by overthrow of the regime, on cynicism and hopelessness and sheer inertia, but not on faith. These are all powerful bulwarks and may sustain the weight of the dictatorship for yet a long time. But only dedicated faith, the kind of faith still found among Communists in the non-Communist world, can withstand the pressures of a popular revolt if and when it comes.

One more aspect of the Hungarian experience seems to me particularly relevant to Soviet Russia. As you read or listen to the personal stories of escaped Hungarian freedom fighters, you realize that few of them had planned to revolt or to join revolt by others. Mostly they were unconscious of being rebels, certainly not to the degree of staking their lives, until they found themselves shouting slogans and shooting guns and throwing Molotov cocktails. An intelligent Soviet fugitive has described this phenomenon, common to the subjects of all totalitarian states, as "double-mindedness." A Soviet citizen, he explained, as a matter almost of biological necessity, develops two nearly unrelated minds. There is the public mind, obedient and conformist, stocked with the prescribed slogans and doctrines, suffused by the officially favored emotions. And there is the inchoate secret mind, where suppressed resentments and frustrations breed and fester, where dangerous knowledge and moral intuitions are filed away.

What happened in Hungary, without planning or leadership, is that the hidden mind erupted to the surface and took command. The rulers and the resident foreigners and the experts were utterly astonished, but most astonished of all were the rebels themselves. This is what can be expected in Soviet Russia, too, when the time is ripe.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Tennessee Williams Descended

Orpheus Descending, volunteered Mr. Tennessee Williams the other day, "is the tale of a wild-spirited boy who wanders into a conventional community of the South and creates the commotion of a fox in a chicken coop." I never thought to catch Mr. Williams committing an understatement. But it finally happened. *Orpheus Descending* (I now know after meeting that creature in the Martin Beck Theater) is a tale of robbery, adultery, abortion, murder, lynching, bloodhounds tearing a fugitive-from-a-chain-gang to pieces, a crazy Negro yodeling Indian war cries; a tale of bastardy, frustrated visionaries, prostitution, plain lunacy, advanced lunacy, paralysis, dementia praecox, ordinary corruption, advanced corruption, lying, deceit; in short, a tale of a conventional community of the South. Manifestly not from that region, I shall have to take a professional Southerner's word. But what's this about a wild-spirited boy?

The boy who wrote this autobiographical play is a middle-aged and comfortably stout manufacturer of dramatic entertainment who, judging by *Orpheus Descending,* ought to be laughed out of the theater. And this, if I say so myself, is a rather charitable suggestion. For, in cold truth, there is nothing to laugh at about the sleazy matinee idol of our *avant garde.* The criminally overpraised author of *Baby Doll, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* and other filthy stories has, with *Orpheus Descending,* finally turned in his license of a fool and a poet.

Orpheus Descending is such an ultimate and absolutely unforgivable offense because Mr. Williams has, confessedly, worked on it for the last seventeen years. "I believe that I have now finally managed to say in it what I wanted to say," announced Mr. Williams on the eve of the opening. It is his own understanding (and decidedly mine, too) that this play, so close to his heart throughout the last seventeen years, tells more of the author and his inner world than *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire.* These two plays have obtained for Mr. Williams, abroad even more than at home, the fame and the considerable income of America's foremost contemporary playwright. But all this time, his essential concern was with *Orpheus Descending.* Now the secret is out. Tennessee Williams is not, as some thought, a confused poet who puts lovely words into the mouths of soulless degenerates. Tennessee Williams is a hack, intellectually frozen at the mental age of about sixteen, whose tastes and dramatic ideas have not matured beyond his intellectual growth.

No one who has the patience to sit through the three acts of *Orpheus Descending* can avoid this conclusion —unless, of course, he has invested his reputation and his emotions in Mr. Williams' career (which period, come to think of it, coincides with what is known as "the generation of Alger Hiss"). Here, at last, is a play where Mr. Williams does not sink into irrelevant though sometimes beautiful phonetics. Here he is trying, in an effort that has lasted almost twenty years, to articulate a message. And what is this message? There's nobody here but us loonies. Or, as Mr. Williams put it in his *chef d'oeuvre,* "Existence doesn't make sense."

Now this is precisely what a sensitive boy between fourteen and sixteen might think; and what at seventeen, when he seriously falls in love with a girl and with life, he will dependably laugh about. Of course, when he stumbles professionally into philosophy and has the bad luck of getting infected with the existentialist plague, he might have to continue faking *Weltschmerz;* but, when the day's work is done, he'll pull himself up by his own vitality. Yet what is one to think of a playwright who, on the brink of the second half-century of his life, shows the mental woes of adolescence like pimples on his face? And, to make it altogether nauseating, illustrates them with situations from a sexual-pathological wax figure cabinet?

Mr. Williams' message is dull and tasteless enough when telegraphed in elegant French or pontificated with British poise; but when it is spread over the stage with the ornery crudeness of a little boy who monstrously delights in violence, one feels like taking the child to the shed. It is bad enough that the contemporary theater is crowded with the perverse daydreams of grownup fiends; do we really have to be bothered with the sweaty daydreams of juveniles?

The daydream of the little boy, in *Orpheus Descending,* is to be, oh, so irresistibly attractive to all women. To be, furthermore, a bum without ties, profession, honor or responsibility. And to be involved, therefore, in a texture of schemes, crimes, and plain shooting, so preposterously contrived that the phoniest moviemaker wouldn't touch the fabric.

This is what *Orpheus Descending* is about. A bum-Orpheus, Val Xavier (played by Mr. Cliff Robertson with an embarrassment that is a credit to his human rather than histrionic capacities), finds employment, and much illicit sex, in the dry-goods store of a small Southern town. He himself is in love only with his guitar, but the buxom wife of the mean and deathly ill store-owner soon is heavy with his child and gets shot by her husband, who, once she's gone, makes Val look like the murderer and then dies, leaving Val to the sadistic pleasures of the Sheriff whose two helpers rob the cash register, whereupon the lone prostitute of the town, who had been madly in love with Val, receives from the crazy war-cry-whooping Negro the late Val's snakeskin jacket as a symbolical souvenir—well, you don't really want me to go on? You wouldn't believe me anyway. In fact, you won't believe your own eyes and ears when you see the play. It's as if *The Young Visiters* had been transferred to the stage by the editors of *Confidential* magazine.

It's incredible. It's incredibly tasteless. It's tastelessly genuine Tennessee Williams.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

How It All Got Started

MAX EASTMAN

The first thing I am moved to say about Theodore Draper's book, *The Roots of American Communism* (The Viking Press, $6.75) is that it is reliable. It is written without prejudice and with conscientious and meticulous regard for the facts. The facts it deals with, the beginning of the Communist movement in the United States, are so unusual, and were woven together in so peculiar an ideational and emotional medium, that I think only one who had been inside the movement could ever get them straight.

On the other hand, those inside the movement were so well drilled in bias that you might think a scholarly historian would be the last thing to emerge from among them. Mr. Draper, according to a note on the jacket of this book, did not wholly emerge until the early years of World War II. He must have had a rough time with his conscience before that, but he seems to have "come clean." He *is* a scholarly historian. I have read his book through carefully, a large part of it twice, and I find no traces of Marxian scar-tissue, or the chronic echolalia resulting from prolonged obeisance to Moscow. It is the work of a sound mind, zealous still, but zealous only to find out and set forth in good clear English what actually happened in revolutionary circles in America between 1917 and 1923.

I myself was entangled — "implicated" would be the word now—in that early growth of American Communism. My relation to the movement was somewhat unique. I was too critical, both of Marxism and of party tactics, to be described as a fellow-traveler, and yet too close personally to some of the leaders, both in Russia and here, to be dismissed merely as a "sympathizer." It required a little psychological as well as political penetration to mention my role, as Draper does several times, without jarring against my more intimate knowledge of this fact. Indeed it required psychological penetration to write this book at all, and I cite my own case only because that is one in which I can testify to Draper's exercise of this gift.

He relates like a novelist the amazing story of the self-educated immigrant boy who, as Louis Fraina, played a dominant role in getting American Communism started, and, as Lewis Corey, died forty years later, a nationally known economist, professor at Antioch College, informed authority on the fallacies of the Marxian gospel and all that came of it. Between these events the tale includes three "trials" by his colleagues as a spy and provocateur; three acquittals, the last personally demanded by Lenin; a charge of embezzling $50,000 in Soviet funds entrusted to him; a dismal attempt to work for the Comintern in Mexico; total despair in Germany; appropriation to his own uses of $10,000 of Comintern funds; penniless and incognito return to the United States; a $12 a week job in a dry goods store; a job proofreading for the *New York Times;* and a rather sudden climb back to the eminence in a free society that, but for the dream-theory that misled us all, he would long before have occupied. Draper has been at great pains, delving through nine layers of rumor, to unearth the truth of this strange tale.

With similar skill and diligence he has said, if not the last word, at least a weighty and well considered word, on the still active dispute as to whether the most famous American Communist, John Reed, who died of typhus in Moscow and was buried under the Kremlin wall, was in revolt against the Communist bureaucracy when he died.

Draper also gives us the first complete account of the famous "underground" congress of the American Party, held in a clearing in the woods up in Michigan, and how it scattered through the trees when raided by the FBI, leaving its records, a registration of the delegates, texts of their speeches, instructions from Moscow, etc., buried in two sugar barrels which it did not require a brace of bloodhounds to discover and dig up. It was an incident in the "American revolution" which, I was told at the time in Moscow, sent Lenin into one of his most contagious fits of laughter.

But it was not funnier than a whole lot of acts and attitudes put on in this relatively free Republic in imitation of the heroic history of Bolshevism under the Tsarist tyranny. I cherish the image of Charles E. Ruthenberg, a martyr who was canonized by the party-church—his ashes, that is, transported to Moscow and buried in the Kremlin wall—sitting in a straight chair in my office, discussing some matter on which he hoped I would take an editorial position. Ruthenberg was a genuine martyr, willingly spent some years in jail, and would as willingly have laid down his life in the cause of society's salvation. But he did not look like a great man. He had the sly and bright-eyed expression of a fox deciding which one of a flock of chickens to pounce on. In the course of our conversation I asked him what candidate the party was standing for in the coming campaign for President. He leaned earnestly forward.

"Oh, didn't you know?" he said, "we have decided to boycott the election."

I would not swear that Ruthenberg didn't smile when he spoke those words—with that foxlike face it was

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hard to tell. But that was, at any rate, the earnestly debated policy of the American Communist Party—which controlled at the time, I learn from Mr. Draper's book, as many as ten thousand votes, most of them foreign-born!

Draper's book, though so painstaking about political and ideological details—too much so, perhaps, for those never possessed (and educated) by the Communist dream—is enlivened by excellent character sketches of the main actors in the story—also by photographs and drawings of 43 of them. Their mild and rather ordinary aspect will be an instructive surprise to those who ascribe to a Communist conspirator the aspect of a villain in one of the old barnstorming melodramas. We are up against something more subtle and baffling than a villain or a conspiracy of villains: a world religion, namely, and one that exacts as sober a mental discipline as Thomas Aquinas did, and a self-sacrifice and sacrifice of father and mother in the cause of man's salvation not unlike that demanded by the early Christian Church. It happens to be right here on earth that man is to be saved, and he is to be saved by fighting hate instead of kindly love. But that is temporary—a "transition period"—the goal is similar to that dreamed of by the Church fathers Those caught in by it are more likely to resemble bright and hard-working YMCA secretaries than villains in a melodrama. You can't count so blithely on their being foiled in the last act

Reverence—for What?

The Great Chain of Life, by Joseph Wood Krutch. 227 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75

Joseph Wood Krutch is at his best when he writes about such an appealing animalcule as the volvox—a minute, exquisitely multicelled creature which first, in the judgment of evolutionary science, discovered sex. And with sex, death. Mr. Krutch brings to this extraordinary and thought-provoking fact a sense of wonder, a reverence for the inviolable mystery which protects every miracle of life from the Appolloniuses who with "cold philosophy" dare distill the wool and texture from a rainbow and give it in the "dull catalogue of common things."

Mr. Krutch's impatience with the professional—become so laboratory-minded that he ceases to vibrate with wonder at life's numberless mysteries —is a delight. But his warm heart impels him into a sort of mystical "reverence for life" (a phrase borrowed from Albert Schweitzer) which has its ridiculous aspects. Mr. Krutch resolutely refuses to recognize God as the creator of the world, although a major virtue in this book is its understanding that orthodox evolutionary theories not only fall short of demonstrable fact but are inadequate.

Krutch sees in life a certain insoluble mystery, something which he admits approaches vitalism; but since he will not let himself resort to God for explanation, this universal mystery is to him a quite purposeless, inexplicable and thoroughly perplexing matter. So often when Mr. Krutch contemplates an evolutionary paradox (like the fact that man got to be the way he is despite built-in evolutionary "faults"), you feel like breaking through with a "But of course, Mr. Krutch!" The acknowledgement of a Supreme and Prescient Being poses the only reasonable answer to the mysteries he hurls his reason against. Watching Mr. Krutch struggle with his determinedly ametaphysical speculations is like watching a child struggle with blind alleys in a maze of which one is already—although perhaps not so deservedly—in possession of the key.

Mr. Krutch's philosophical quandary causes him to embrace that entirely unsatisfactory cult to which Albert Schweitzer gave birth. Albert Schweitzer is one of the great men of the age, a secular saint. He is also one of its poorest thinkers. In his quest for the historical Jesus he was unfortunate enough to turn his back entirely on the metaphysical history without which Jesus cannot be apprehended, and to come up, inevitably, with an empirically derived and therefore historically inaccurate evaluation of Christ as That Good Man. The frightful consequences of this secularization in any sensitive and intelligent person, like Mr. Krutch, must lead either to negativism or a sort of balmy feyness. Such a thing is "Reverence for Life," a desperate philosophical attitude which brings Mr. Krutch to declare that hunting is as good a symbol of "pure evil" as anything he can think of! The best symbol of pure evil *I* can think of is that conglomeration of agnostic premises which has made of such an excellent person a potential believer in Bridey Murphy.

F. R. BUCKLEY

Japanese Christianity

The Martyrs of Nagasaki, by Frederick Vincent Williams. 106 pp. Fresno, California: Academy Library Guild. $3.75

Christianity was brought to Japan by St. Francis Xavier in 1549, attracted more than 300,000 converts within the next fifty years and, according to the standard histories, was completely exterminated by 1640. The fall of Christianity and of European prestige in Japan began when Franciscans arrived to denounce the Jesuits; and it was consummated when the efforts of Spain, Portugal and Holland to injure one another produced an impressive demonstration of the white man's weakness.

With the inglorious and intricate history of this period Mr. Williams does not concern himself. He recounts with enthusiastic piety the martyrdom of the priests and converts who were crucified or burned at the stake in the successive persecutions, and reports that after 1640 "tens of thousands" of Japanese, although deprived of all contact with the Church, con-

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tinued to practice Christianity in secret. Their faith, handed down through seven or eight generations, was still alive when the missionaries returned in 1865. This clandestine worship was usually limited to families or very small groups, but there was also an organized sect, followers of a martyred catechist named Bastian, who are said to have numbered thirty thousand.

Although Mr. Williams does not estimate the number of Japanese who are now Christians, he implies that the Church commands greater respect and devotion than at any time since the days of the martyrs. This assurance will be gratifying to Catholics and (I hope) all Christians, but their satisfaction should be tempered by a careful analysis of the policy that the United States has consistently pursued in the Orient since 1945. The best estimate that I can make is that Japan will be added to the Communist Empire in 1960 or 1961. One wonders whether Christianity will again survive underground.

REVILO OLIVER

Heartbreaking Farce

Pnin, by Vladimir Nabokov. 191 pp. Doubleday and Company. $3.50

Short and lightweight (much of it appeared in the *New Yorker*), this satire-portrait amounts to a sort of cassation — *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* —beside the more symphonic body of Nabokov's earlier works—*Sebastian Knight, Bend Sinister* or last year's brilliant *Lolita* (which can still be obtained only through a Paris publisher).

Pnin is a hopeless anachronism —a white Russian scholar fumbling, stumbling, tumbling his way through an American high-education Hall of Horrors called Waindell College. But the true Nabokov cachet is here: that unique quality of reality in which the inane, the absurd, the outlandish are held in a precise suspension of minutely observed actuality. All the nightmares of Kafka remain nightmares, because most of the ordinary daytime details are left out. Nabokov renders them, implacably, remorselessly. The farcical becomes not only hair-raising, but heartbreaking.

ROGER BECKET

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

Dialogues, by Paul Valéry. Translated by William McCausland Stewart. 195 pp. Pantheon. $3.00

The Bolligen Foundation's most impressive project so far has been Jung. Now they are adding Valéry, with an initial volume of half a dozen dialogues, in the manner of Plato's, and even borrowing some of Plato's characters, but essentially very different. For Plato—no matter how keenly his Socrates could see both sides—was always able to choose one of them. At heart, Valéry was able to be a partisan only of intelligence itself. Hence here, as in his essays and verse, he remains a magnificent means, without the possibility of an end; Apollo's chariot, but unhitched to any horses, superbly going nowhere. In spite of which—and in an era of the most frenetic fuss about "committals" — his reputation stands as awesomely unquestionable as it did ten years ago at his death. All the more reason, therefore, to have Paul Valéry available to any future challengers who may still know him only in fragments and from afar.

And Live Alone, by Dorothy Pitkin. 214 pp. Pantheon. $3.50

Written by a middle-aged widow, about her struggle for self-renewal after losing her husband, this is a book whose quiet gravity and relaxed good sense ought to be useful to many people who have not themselves suffered its particular losses; especially, for instance, anyone who is currently being billed by a psychoanalyst. Finding herself suddenly alone, Mrs. Pitkin did something as unspectacular as it was resourceful. Instead of moving in with her children, or weeping to her friends, she removed herself to a New Hampshire farm. Here, without benefit of electric stoves, air conditioning, or frozen vegetables, she gradually became aware of how much our daily accoutrements insulate us from almost all the organic life on our planet. Weather, animals, light, mountains—they all sound so obvious, so homely, so irrelevant, until you truly *realize* them. Then you learn what Mrs. Pitkin learned: that life needs life more than it needs insurance policies, or sidewalks, or thermostats.

Life of Rossini, by Stendhal. Translated by Richard N. Coe. 522 pp. Criterion. $7.50

The title is entirely, gloriously misleading. What the text really amounts to is several hours of rambling, relishing talk by a genius about something he dotes on. There are too few books like this. Gide once said every creative writer owes his language at least one translation. He also owes himself at least one book like this one—a rhapsody, full of gusto, insight, gossip, and uninhibited enthusiasm for something in which he takes unofficial, uncritical and unstinting delight. If you like one or more of the following: Italy, opera, the *Weltanschauung* of Walter Scott, the genius of Stendhal, brilliantly self-assured talk—here is the greenest pasture you'll find in print this spring.

The Racing Car, by Cecil Clutton, Cyril Posthumus, and Denis Jenkinson. Illustrated. 288 pp. Scribner's. $6.50

Written for the advanced *aficionado,* this study of the development and design of the racing car since 1895 is only one of a number of recent books which (along with a fascinating LP record of the 1956 *Grand Prix* at Sebring, Florida) attest the growing public interest in the heretofore hieratic and austere world of the sports-car. More, certainly, than the new leisure and the "conspicuous display" of the American Middle Class is behind this phenomenon. In a nation too far north of the Tropic of Cancer to enjoy bull-fighting, and where team-sports like baseball only partly satisfy the hunger to watch a solitary, unbureaucratized antagonist facing calculated risks, it is inevitable. A *Grand Prix de Madison Avenue* is not unforeseeable. Even an ad-man must feel a little heroic, a little wild, a little pre-standardized in the bucket seat of a Porsche.

(Reviewed by Robert Phelps)

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To the Editor

Dissent on Egypt

Your March 16 editorial misses the point of the historical analogy I drew [March 9] between the present situation in the Arab world and that in China before Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Communists in 1927. Far from having "almost suggested that Khrushchev is an Egyptian puppet," I argued that the Middle East would follow the same road to perdition as the Far East, if we impelled the Arabs to call upon Moscow to redress the balance against Western imperialism, as was done by Sun Yat-sen in 1922.

Neither Nasser nor Chiang would like to be likened to one another. But they both represent the aspirations of their people for liberty, independence and unity. Are "conservatives" so blind they cannot see that NR's description of Nasser as "a strutting fanatic dictator over a country of twenty million diseased and starving illiterates who support a few hundred thousand soldiers, landlords and grafters," is practically identical with the "liberal" description of Kuomintang China, and equally false?

I must also protest against your travesty of my views when you say that they are predicated on the supposition that Israel is "bad" and Nasser "good." As Spinoza said, wars are usually fought between two rights. The Jews who have taken refuge in Israel have right on their side in seeking a secure homeland free from persecution or discrimination. The Arabs are no less right in their opposition to being dispossessed of their ancestral lands; and in their fear that Israel's "ingathering" of Jews from everywhere in the world of necessity commits her to further expansion at their expense.

Washington, D.C. FREDA UTLEY

Thank goodness for Freda Utley's "Dissent on Egypt"—for pointing out, *inter alia,* 1) that Nasser nationalized a wholly Egyptian company and offered the shareholders full compensation . . . and 2) that Nasser, though not a Communist, is forced to deal with the Iron Curtain countries because the West will have practically nothing to do with him.

There is just one item in Miss Utley's article which is hard to take —her description of Eisenhower's stand on Suez as "courageous and principled." "Courageous" and "principled" imply a conscious choice of good as against an evil. It is debatable whether Eisenhower consciously chose principle rather than, for example, expediency in the Suez matter. . . .

Finally, it seems to this writer that there is a curious equivocacy among both conservatives and Liberals on questions concerning Israel, Zionism, and Arab rights. Is it because . . . as a writer in the British *Tablet* pointed out recently, the Arab vote in the United States is negligible?

Bayside, N.Y. GERTRUDE J. BUCK

Mr. Allen Replies

Re your editorial of February 2 [commenting on Mr. Allen's invitation to Ingrid Bergman to appear on his show]; I thought you might be interested to see a copy of the actual form letter to which your article refers. Your version of it was taken from Mr. Earl Wilson's column in the *New York Post.*

The phrase "broke this particular Commandment" was used by Mr. Wilson because he said his editor felt that the word "adultery," which I had used, was too strong to print in his column. I did not identify the Commandment by number because Catholic and Protestant numerical listings of the Commandments do not coincide.

I cannot agree with you that Miss Bergman's offense is that described by you in the parenthetical phrase "Miss Bergman mothered another man's son while married to Dr. Lindstrom." Mothering a son out of normal wedlock is not, properly speaking, an offense. The Commandments do not forbid illegal motherhood; they forbid adultery, which is, of course, not the same thing at all.

I readily agree that the only basis on which one might with full impunity criticize Miss Bergman's conduct is on the point that, unlike Mary Magdalene, she has not presented herself as a penitent. Curiously, less than one per cent of the letters of complaint we received raised this precise issue. The majority reaction, stated simply, was "She has committed adultery; ergo, she has no right to appear on TV."

Despite rules to the contrary, millions of people separate from their mates and take other mates. Many Christian denominations (whether rightly or wrongly I do not say) have finally come to grant that these shiftings and changings are morally permissible. Probably many people would not have criticized Miss Bergman had she first gone through the formality of obtaining a divorce and *then* lived with Mr. Rossellini.

I certainly do not intend by these remarks to set myself up as an authority in the field of morals or to write a dogmatic philosophical treatise. But since you have given space to Miss Bergman's appearance on my program I thought you might be interested in these additional thoughts.

New York City STEVE ALLEN

LIBERTARIAN CONSERVATISM

(*Continued from p.* 332)

Statics." In that phrase the new Liberalism confronted the old liberalism. And the new Liberalism, though its way had been partly prepared by the philosophic nihilism of 19th-century liberalism, derives fundamentally not from it, but from a third source, neither liberal nor conservative: the totalitarian tradition of Rousseau and Hegel and Marx. Against this enemy, 20th-century conservatism, heir to the whole of the integral tradition of the West, has need of all of its resources.

Conservatives may leave to the ideological conformists of totalitarian and proto-totalitarian outlook the creation of demonologies and pantheons. Equipped with reason functioning under the guidance of tradition, their task is to draw upon whatever wisdom is available to them, to winnow the true from the false, wherever it appears and irrespective of ideological labels.

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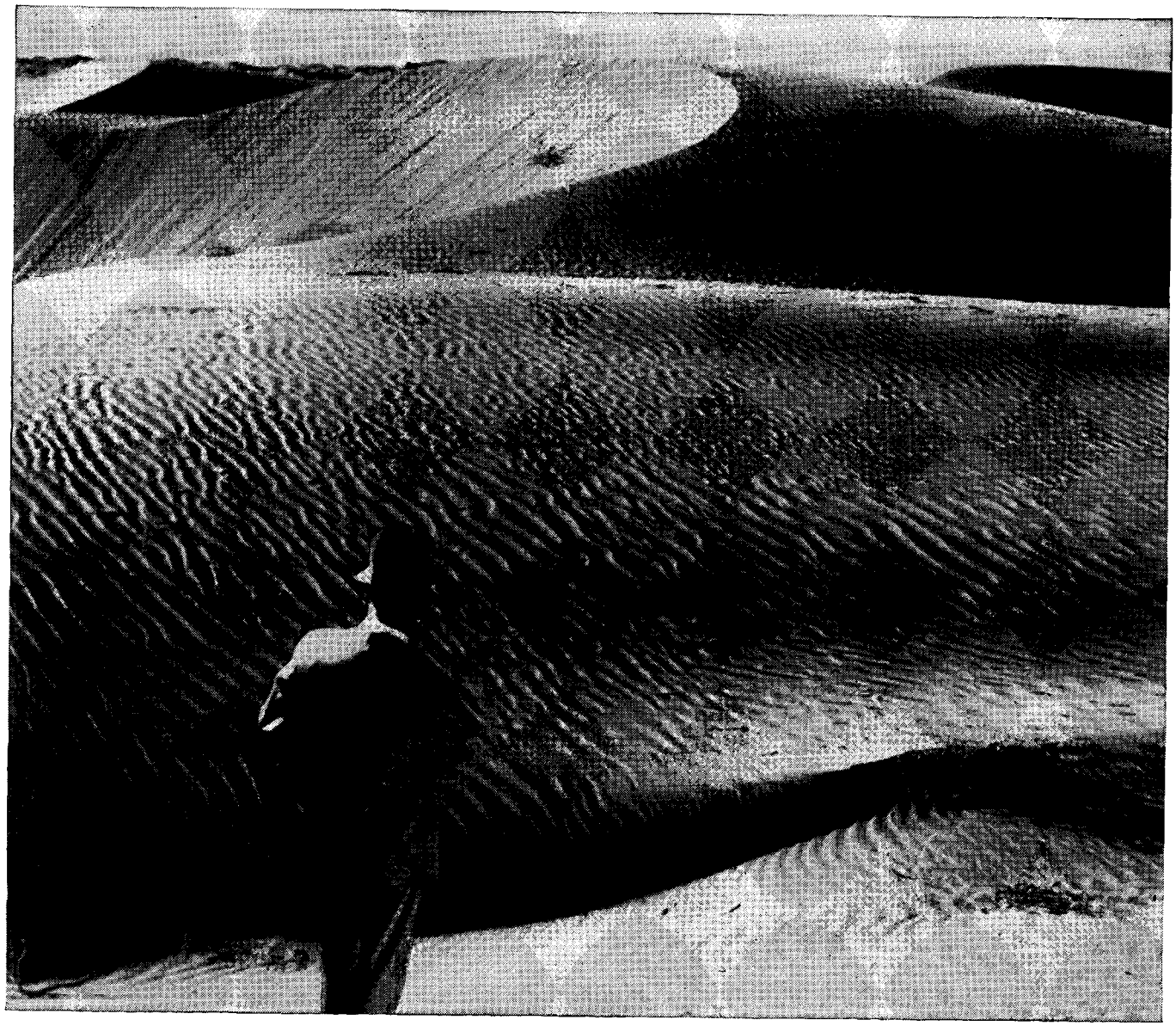

The Sandman who woke up a city

NOT so long ago, a city received a federal grant to help build a new airport. A Washington bureaucrat found a regulation that said airports need four inches of sand under the concrete. He wouldn't believe that the city had a natural sand base on which it had built for years. Regulations are regulations.

So one day bulldozers and trucks removed 50,000 tons of the native sand. They replaced this with 50,000 tons of federal sand that had to be bought.

You'll find a wonderful airport there now. But the city got a rude awakening. Their share of the cost was more than if they'd built the airport without Federal aid, without "help" or supervision from Washington sandmen.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company
Canton 6, Ohio

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